

Suck

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 8, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS



Frederick Duncan

Painted by Frederick Duncan

DELIBERATELY FRIENDLY



Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine—possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of your body.

Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea—they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life—they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?

Since all of these things are true, it is also true and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient minds.

My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for any one to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today, before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will make you think.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."
"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

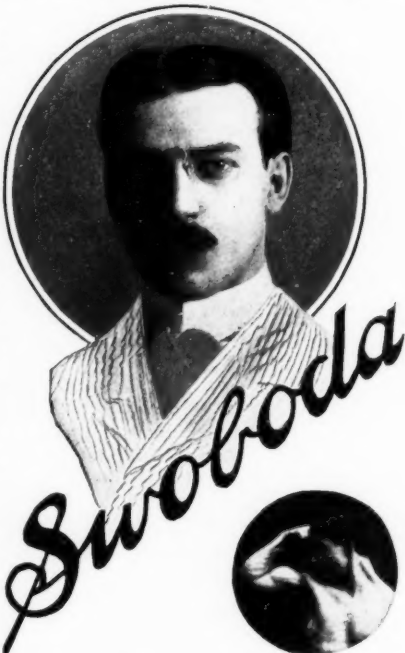
"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."



ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1371 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in PUCK is too good to be true.

Puck

The Tempest in PUCK'S Tea-Pot

PUCK feels a measure of pride in the reception accorded the Holiday Number, and this week's brewing of the Tea Pot partakes of a truly Holiday spirit, as welcome as it is unusual. For, after all, the folks who write to the editor are not always our friends who have good things to say, but rather those gentle critics who would keep Puck's footsteps from straying far afield.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR SIR:

After reading over issue of PUCK dated Dec. 11, 1915, I notice that you invite all readers of PUCK to express their sentiments regarding the Holiday edition. Will say that its humor, anecdotes and cartoons are unsurpassed. Puck is a sure cure for the blues. Its great humor turns despondency into happiness, and sorrow into joy. No one will ever regret the day for subscribing to PUCK. From an interested reader.

Very truly yours,

W. WEIR.

BILOXI, MISS.

GENTLEMEN:

As you ask for some expression concerning the Holiday number, I will say that I feel certain that no one could be disappointed in any edition of your most enjoyable weekly, as for me it contains more good and fun than any magazine that I read. Whether it be editorials on the hyphen in politics or the striking paintings of Hamilton King or Fredrick Duncan, you produce masterpieces that are bound to attract and please to the highest degree.

Your edition of Dec. 11 is especially refreshing, as your entire magazine has been since your recent changes.

Wishing you best luck, I am,

Very truly,

JOS. W. SPEARING.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR PUCK:

It has only been since quite recently that I became a Puck reader and realized what I missed in the past years.

Its satirical witticisms and puns are beyond comparison. Particularly do I appreciate the not-to-be-found-elsewhere color prints. They alone are worth the price of a full year's subscription. The last three issues contained pictures drawn by Hamilton King and they were SOME pictures.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS SCHMITT.

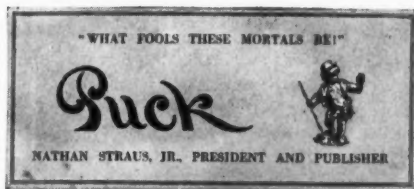
On the question of Henry Ford and the *Staats-Zeitung*, no one can find accord.

THE LAKE SHORE LIMITED

DEAR SIR:

I chanced to be reading a copy of PUCK while on my way to Chicago and I have a few criticisms which seem timely.

In the first place, I think your reference to the Ford car as a "four-wheeled" pest is entirely unjustified. If you can name a better car at the



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FOSTER GILROY, General Manager.

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price I should be pleased to hear it.

Next, although there are numerous anti-German criticisms in your paper, I find a full-page advertisement of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* in your paper. This seems rather inconsistent.

C. W. MORTON, JR.,
Morristown, N. J.

To which we can but decline to advertise gratuitously Mr. Ford's competitors, and beg to point to the fact that Puck's advertising pages are open, at a price, to those keen advertisers who appreciate the unique value of its space—even if one of them happens to be Mr. Ridder's sprightly daily.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

EDITOR PUCK,

DEAR SIR:

I am a reader of PUCK, am not German or German decent, am an American not of any extraction save earliest ancestors that came to this country in colonial times. Yet I must resent the position you take in regard to the Germans in your editorial "The Hyphen in politics." when you say "Americans of German birth are your motives American or are they treasonable." To what motives do you refer?

Do you suppose the Germans capable of being two legged jackasses and Poll Parrots like the riff of the rabble created and nurtured by the incompetent Press of to-day. Ask your self, if you had relatives and friends in a great war, fighting for their homes and government, and the whole world either fighting or aiding and abetting, with all their power to destroy that Government. If the press, the rabble, and the administration of the land of your adoption was doing all in their power to aid and assist their enemies, would

you be patriotic? Would you feel no resentment. Well perhaps your kind would as that element has been ruled by folly and ignorance so long they don't know what patriotism is, but the average German in this country like in Germany has never allowed himself to run rabid after the wave of monism that has turned this country into a national maniac asylum, for the past ten years. I study the Germans as well as all the people and I know few Germans I ever joined the howl and worship of Roosevelt.

When the war broke out England started the cry of Militarism, and the Paid associated Press the New York World took it up till the Poll Parrots all over the country were shouting militarism just as they did Bryons 16 to one Ratio, not knowing what it meant, but the papers said so and "thots the stuff."

Who have the most right to enjoy the fruits of this Government the loyal Germans or the Tory English. The English never have freed their deluded big heads that this country belongs to them, and they think and cond understand why we don't go on fight their bottles stand up and be shot to death just like all their poor devils from their colonies, while they stay at home and play polo.

If the Southern Tory Free Trade Democratic Party was not in possession of the government just at this time there would be no cause for dissatisfaction. The factories would be running at full force and could not manufacture supplies to shoot Germans to death, but in order to bolster up a second donnable Free Trade Democratic administration and keep the country from starvation they are permitted and encouraged to do it. Old John Bull is doing just as he always does, keeping out just as much as possible and having all other notions excheat themselves so he can step in at the finish and gobble all the spoils. but I think other notions see their trick. Japan has quit early in the game Russia has quit also Italy that is what is bothery her. She and her allies are doing all they can to embroil this country in a war with Germany, but such a move on the part of this administration would precipitate a revolution.

The element that is fostering partiality for England today is the same that preached secession and done all they could to overthrow the Government during the rebellion. They tried to put this country in the power of England then and they are doing it now. It would be folly to think that the people of this country would allow the government, in case of war, to remain in the hands of the party that fought to overthrow it Bah.

A. S. WAY

P. S.—Wait till 1916 and see what is done with you English sympathising policy of generosity administration Not 500 Germans will vote that ticket, and all others are sick of the watchful waiters.

A. S. W.

Ruck



Outline of a Preparedness plank for the next Republican platform: "We believe in adequate Preparedness. By adequate Preparedness, we mean war profits for them that hath, and war taxes for them that hath not."

Mount Etna, active again, is emitting red-hot lava. Perhaps Henry Ford can stop it. It won't be much harder than the job he has already tackled.

And if the leaders ignore the wishes of the people as they did in 1912, I'm afraid that Col. Roosevelt will have to be drafted.

—The Hon. George W. Perkins.

In which event, there will be no repetition of the draft riots.

Help wanted: "Supes" to carry guns. Apply Stage Door, Theatre of War.

Politics make strange bedfellows, but no one has been found as yet who is willing to sleep with the Hyphen.

Getting the Progressives out of the Armageddon trenches is a comparatively easy matter, however.

The latest scheme to end the war is this: Mr. Ford is to approach all gun



PLAYING HORSE

How long will the European Workingman be the hobby of Militarism?

and munition makers in the belligerent countries, and by offering them orders, induce them to cease turning out equipment for the armies.

—The news from the Oscar II.

From where do you prefer to receive your next year's Ford? From the Krupp Works or from Woolworth Arsenal?

Here is a happy headline. It is from the sporting page of an evening paper: "Young Taft Helps Yale to Lose to the Crescent Five." Perhaps it is a family failing, Old Taft Having Helped the Republican Party to Lose to the Democrats. Young Taft, further says the account, left many openings, which proved fatal. So, you will recollect, did Old Taft. Like Father, Like Son.

Congress has been asked to appropriate \$7,500 to purchase the suit of clothes that Lincoln wore on the night of his assassination. The suit of clothes which Roosevelt wore the night the Bull Moose returns came in could be purchased, we opine, for much less than that.

A large lump of taffy found in a Brooklyn ballot box was at once charged to women watchers at the polls. Tut, tut! Man is not a stranger to the use of "taffy" at election time. His political platforms are full of it.

In view of the fact that he is an enthusiastic advocate of Publicity, Judge Gary's refusal to talk of the dinner he gave to Colonel Roosevelt was singularly inconsistent.

The Serbian army is said to be a broken-spirited wreck, only 40,000 men remaining. In other words, the army of Serbia, after having been annihilated, is almost as big as the United States army in the full flush of its fighting strength.



THAT FELLOW OSBORNE!

CHORUS OF PRISON GRAFTERS, POLITICIANS, ETC.: The vandal! He's spoiled the sign!

Ruck



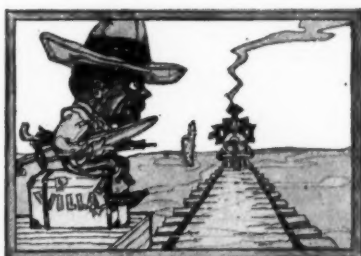
THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

A Bouncing Blizzard was incurred
By unprepared Manhattan.
A youthful prodigy composed
An epitaph in Latin.
Society is wearing pearls —
At least a portion of it.
We add, in haste,
"The rest is paste,"
And . . . skating! Don't you love it?

A few more public officers
Are on the grill for roasting.
Lord Dewey said 'twas no defense
To gird ourselves with boasting.
Vienna had a hectic week
Replying to our letter,
The rumors say
That K. of K.
Will don the fatal fetter.

The Russian Ballet came to town
With divers dulcet dances.
'Tis said that love is often caused
By merely crossing glances.
Large feet are coming in again
Despite the price of leather,
Sir Hughes won't run
For anyone,
And Whitman strains his tether.



The Board of Aldermen decreed
That street bands must be muffled.
The trousers of the Feminists
Are riotously ruffled.
Chicago will be mobilized
To stage the G. O. P. party.
The Colonel's star
Is now at par
And Taft is feeling hearty.



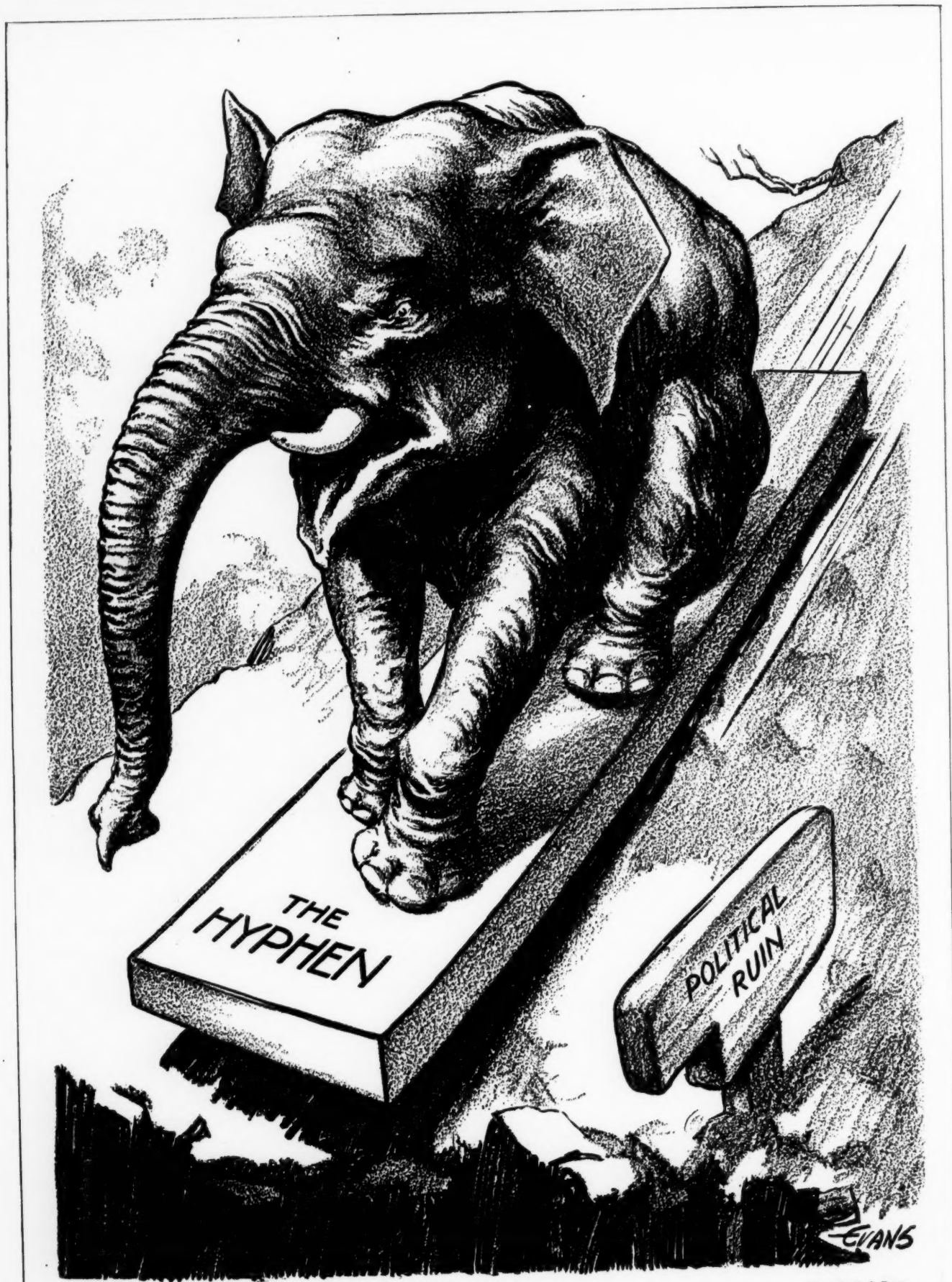
Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Great Britain asked Sir Douglas Haig
To seize the German trenches.
The Senate sits so long and hard
It's wearing out the benches.
Sir Woodrow spent his honeymoon
Away from war's distractions,
The lovely snow
Was most de trop,
And China is in fractions.

King George enjoys his twilight
nip —
The doctors all prescribe it.
Sir Henry's Argosy — but there,
We really must not jibe it!
The Futurists are painting notes
Of music on their easels,
Old Sol has got
Another spot —
We hope it's not the measles!

The German nation cannot have
An appetite on Monday.
It also must restrict its thirst
To every other Sunday.
The dream of peace, Sir Asquith
states,
Is still a fond illusion.
The Turkish Fez
Approached Suez,
And thus to our conclusion.





Drawn by R. O. Evans

G. O. P. PREDICTION
"Next year will witness a great Republican Landslide"

"What Fools These Mortals Be"



Puck

(Established 1877)

VOL. LXXVIII. No. 2027. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 8, 1916

Americans of German Descent versus Professional Germans

PUCK is convinced that a canvass of the Americans in the United States of German birth or German sympathy would reveal that 95% of them would concur in the present policy of neutrality of this country. More than this, that at least 95% of them are heartily back of President Wilson in his efforts to maintain strict neutrality and peace with honor. It is unfortunate that an over-enthusiastic pro-Ally press has endeavored to blacken the reputations and impugn the motives of these 95%, by quoting the statements and utterances of the other 5%.

As the result of the President's message to Congress there were bitter attacks on him by the "Professional Germans." It would be to Puck's mind as unfair to fasten the sentiments of these attacks on all German sympathizers in America, as it would be to assume that all Americans of English descent sanction the high-handed acts of some of their countrymen on the seas. Those who feel themselves hit by the President's attack on "such creatures of passion, disloyalty and anarchy," are those for whom it is meant.

True Americans, whatever the land of their birth, feel with the President the great danger of alien plots, masking under the guise of American citizenship. With the President they wish to do their utmost to discourage treacherous acts that strike at the very foundations of American democracy; with the President they are most anxious that the 5% of professional Germans be segregated and branded, so that the 95%, who are true Americans at heart, shall not be held responsible for the misdeeds of the rest.

"The People Want War"

WHEN the war broke out, we were told that the people of each of the countries were eager for war; that the rulers were not to blame; that they were but carrying out the wishes of their subjects in plunging into war.

This may be true, and it may not. But how many rulers of the countries at war would be willing to submit to-day to a popular referendum on the continuance of the war? How many of them are willing to submit to a vote of every man and woman — for the women have every right to an equal say in a matter that affects them as much as the men — the following question: Do you wish to prosecute the war further, or do you

wish an immediate peace upon the best terms obtainable?

PUCK feels safe in predicting that such a plan in any one of the warring countries, could have, would have, but one overwhelming answer—the people of the warring countries want peace.

If the war was begun in response to popular demand, how is it to end? If the rulers plunged their countries into war because their subjects demanded war, what are they going to do now that their subjects long for peace?

Preparedness by Efficiency

WE hear a good deal of American preparedness nowadays. We have heard in the past a good deal of German efficiency. It would seem to be of an advantage if we could combine these two in our new national program. If there is anything that we can learn from Germany — and there certainly is much — it is her well advertised efficiency, and if there is any field in which this efficiency has shown itself most conspicuously effective, it is in the field of military and naval expenditure.

The last two Congresses have appropriated enormous sums for naval and military defenses — sums not far inferior to those voted by some of the conspicuously military powers, — Germany, Austria, and the like. Would it not be in order for this Congress before it goes ahead with tremendously increased military appropriations — appropriations which will mean tremendously increased revenue to be gotten from somewhere — to give attention to the better spending of the sums regularly appropriated in the past? A little efficiency in spending the money already appropriated will accomplish more than a great deal larger appropriation used as extravagantly and inefficiently as has been our custom in the past.

Osborne's Defamers

WHAT is behind the continual badgering of Thomas Mott Osborne by the Westchester political machine?

It was to be expected that a high-minded man in the position of Warden of Sing Sing would inevitably run the gauntlet of political persecution, but the venom of the gang's attack on Osborne indicates a sinister motive quite apart from the natural desire of the White Plains coterie to apportion the rich crumbs that fall from the tables of the big penal institution.

The desperateness of Osborne's enemies is best evidenced by their dependence upon convict testimony to bolster up the most preposterous charges lodged against the warden. Willett doing his bit for bribery makes a precious character witness. These men have "gotten theirs." Perjury has small added terrors for them. It is characteristic of the criminal attitude that the witnesses against Osborne would willingly swear away the reputation of the one man who stands between them and the inexorable strong arm regime of a darker age.

Ruck



Drawn by W. E. Hill

"THE PRETTIEST MODEL IN NEW YORK"

Just a few of those sent by well-meaning friends to our long-suffering artist

The Coy Correspondent

Herr James O'Donnell Bennett, of the staff of the Kaiser and the Chicago Tribune, complains that British prisoners in German detention camps treated him coldly. Says Herr Bennett:

At first I tried to meet them with a handshake and some words of comradeship in their own language, but the effort only embarrassed them, though I am sure that my attempt to be a good fellow with them was neither pompous nor patronizing.

Our notion of a warm, soul-satisfying welcome is that which would be accorded George Sylvester Viereck upon his casual visit to an encampment of British prisoners.

Some Pleasant Invitations

"Come along home with me, old chap, and help me and my wife hang pictures."

"My wife wants me to go to a literary afternoon. I told her that I was too busy, but that you would be delighted."

"Try out this second-hand car with me, will you? It has been run for forty thousand miles, but I got it for a song, and I am in hopes I can get about seventy miles out of the old thing."

"Miss Smith, if you will marry me, I will buy an abandoned farm where we can live all the rest of our lives."

Editor of country paper: Robert, a man is coming in to shoot me at four-thirty; will you take my place?

"My wife, her cousin, who is a highly intellectual woman, who has been all over Europe and speaks four languages; Aunt Jane, who is one of the best talkers I ever heard; two charming minor poets, Professor Mussmind, the celebrated sociologist, and myself are all going to Florida for a couple of months, and we want you to make one of us."



WINTER SPORT

"Catch hold, Mickey, de next time a guy goes in. It's great!"



Drawn by R. Van Buren

PUTTING IT IN ITS PLACE

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Willie, what is it that is next to Godliness?
WILLIE (making a shrewd guess): Preparedness

Benefit of War

We shall continue to succor the wounded and feed the starving. Any real hard-luck story shall get its hearing before us. But we shall not—we shall not shed valuable tears over the reported plight of the canary breeders of the Harz Mountains because, as the Berlin telegram has it, "tens of thousands of canaries were exported yearly to America, France, England and Russia, and this trade has been entirely suppressed by the war, so that the breeders have practically abandoned the business." It is tough on the canary breeders, to be sure, but may we be forgiven if, instead of weeping, a little smile of gratification drifts across our countenance?

Birds, in general, we like. A precious and uplifting thing it is to see, hovering over us, a keen, swift and feathered avian. We have societies to protect them, and our solicitude for them has almost outlawed the contagious cat. But these are birds, real birds. The canary is not a bird. It is something alert and yellow in a cage for eighty-nine cents. It is a small, hopping fraud that was guaranteed to sing and does not sing. Once in a while it squeaks, and then you give it some more seed, and wonder how long it will live. You wonder how you came into possession of it, and you can't remember. You are too much of a gen-

tleman to throttle it, and you can't give it away.

The canary, my masters, is a thing of nought. It is less than a goldfish, which is a microscopic advance over the absolute zero of personal property. Indeed, it is less worthy, because the man that sold you the goldfish did not claim that it could sing.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was the guest of honor at a dinner Friday night given by Elbert H. Gary. All of the guests were famous in the financial world.—Strictly non-political item.

If by chance any "malefactors of great wealth" happened to be present, they were, of course, "practical men."



SOCIAL EQUALS

"Van Nibber and Spenderly are about on a par socially, aren't they?"

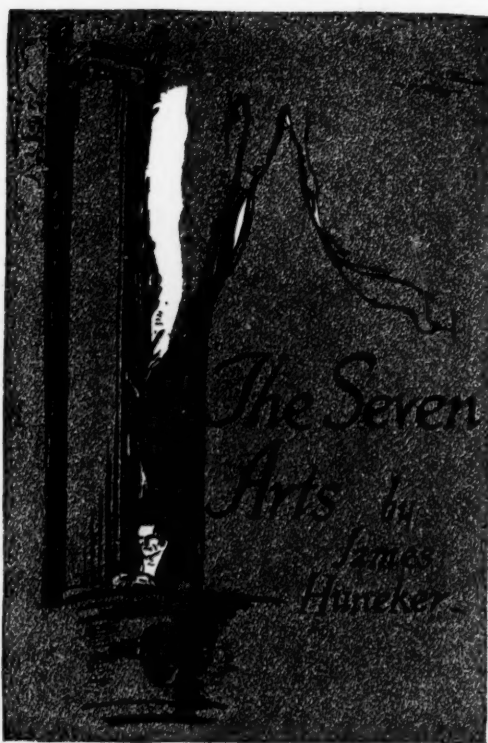
"Just about. Van Nibber uses his enclosed car all summer, and Spenderly uses his touring body all winter."

Around the Lap

Female legs, like the limbs of frogs, are always an delicacy of the season. A cautious canvass made among the reigning theatrical shows of Greater New York reveals the fact that nine-tenths are devoted to the exploitation of those inverted columns, woman's underpinnings. Our old friend, Michael Monahan, has, in his "Phoenix"—Michael himself is a burning bird—called attention to the sex worship in our theatres. Girls will always be girls. And only the Impurity Leagues upheld by grannies in trousers as well as petticoats, inveigh against the display of sex. High-minded males may regret the time when the eternal masculine was adored, when virgins of tender years wore sex amulets and charms, and virility was not shameful but esteemed a virtue. Such forms of entertainment as "Around the Map" might be renamed "Around the Lap." It never gets higher than the legs of pretty girls. And this is well for box-office receipts; also to make the wheels go round of the world.

A Dazzling Display

Of course, I could write all day about legs; duty bids me desist. But I must confess that in my salad years the ideal type of female limb approximated the leg of a grand piano. The ponderous Amazons of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe, of Emily Goldene and her giant cohort, of a thousand and one leg shows, were all supplied by nature with magnificent supports. Perhaps our ideal in this respect was grosser than nowadays, yet such as it was we stuck to it, even embraced it. I recall with a retrospective blush those two superb human columns at the Casino in the palmy Aronson days (a popular refrain then was: "Oh, the little Aronsons, Aronsons, Aronsons! Oh, the little Aronsons up on the roof! Oh, the little stockholders, stockholders, stockholders! Oh, the little stockholders down in the soup!") One was Isabella Urquhart, the other Helen Marlborough (or was it Mabel Potter?). Then George Lederer, with his acute managerial flair, saw that "Beef and" was bound to pall and introduced a welcome variation in the shape of "Broilers"; little chickens, among whom at one time was Evelyn Nesbit, if I mistake not. Since then the stage girl has been growing thinner and thinner. Also tinier. The advent of the dancing mania has kept down her weight, and when these skeletons will end no one may say. Once, after seeing a portrait bust of Mrs. Cora Potter, I wrote that she boasted the most beautiful bones in the world; but the little skinies that now disport themselves before the fire of the footlights could give Mrs. Potter cards and spades, though not shoulder blades. Nevertheless, I noted a change for the better at the New Amsterdam Theatre the other afternoon. In that most dazzling of all spectacles on the boards here at the present writing, "Around the Map," I saw very tall, thin ladies promenade the deck, gorgeously arrayed. But in the cast not one massive girl could I detect. A fat woman is funny, says the astute manager, and they put her in "pants," and lo! we have that mountain of jollity, Trixie Friganza. The rest is abomination of desolation! Only



toothpicks and Boston crackers on shingles. Yet the Eternal Pagan is always in pursuit.

When I call this *Moving Pictures* dazzling, I am keeping well on the safe side of hyperbole. At the Hippodrome the scale of display is vaster, bolder; but the very intimacy of a smaller stage—though it's large enough at the New Amsterdam—and the subtler decorative art of C. M. S. McLellan, make for a more graceful and surprising achievement. Hardly necessary to tell New York theatregoers that Mr. McLellan is the author of "The Belle of New York"—written in conjunction with Gustave Kerker, the composer. That sparkling piece I ran across once in the Tyrol, so widespread was its popularity. Two decades ago, McLellan conducted the theatrical criticism of *Town Topics*, and was a brilliant

star in the constellation of that brilliant, witty, audacious weekly. His first parody of Maeterlinck, with its refrain of "My God! My God!" said the cross-eyed dog, is still remembered. Years of residence in Europe has developed and fined Mr. McLellan's taste in the creation of beautiful stage spectacles. He has studied the Alhambra shows, he knows the city on the Danube, and he has a pretty sense of the art of the modiste. All these things may be seen in "Around the Map." The story has just enough spine to propel it through three acts; the lyrics will serve, and the witty lines are above the average. It's the gowns and the girls that spell the huge success of this musical globe-trot, although a word may be said of the tuneful and rhythmic score furnished by Herman Finck. Thin girls, tall and short; crotchety girls in amazingly abbreviated underclothes (which are "over") and girls who dance vertiginously. Indeed, I never before saw so many delectable girls assembled at one time, under one roof. A new burlesque type is Lazy Lulu—capitally impersonated by Georgia O'Ramey. A Viennese girl, Else Alder, sang and acted with spirit as the much dressed Tootsie. Fancy an entire libretto built about women's gowns. To their variety and exotic splendor I can't do justice; that would demand the combined brains of M. Worth and Théophile Gautier. There was a hint of sadness in the procession of vanished modes. From 1880 to 1915 we are shown the various fashions. Where are the gowns of yesteryear? Alas! Gone with the pannier, the leg of mutton sleeves, the crinoline and the tightly moulded figure. One girl in the ballet disported snake-skin tights. She made me avert my gaze from such flashing ophidian temptations. (Ah! these old codgers and their "six heures et demi," as they say in Paris.)

John Drew in "The Chief," a comedy by the new popular playwright, Horace Annesley Vachell, is delighting his admirers, who are legion, in a part that is superlatively suited to his finished art and attractive personality. What would our theatrical season be without John Drew? Jules Eckert Goodman has had the courage to dramatize "Treasure Island" and do for the late

At the Empire

(Continued on page 20)



Painted by Hamlin Knight

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

PARIS JUST NOW

(This series of war-zone dialogues was not written for publication. It is perhaps truer to life on that account. Ralph Barton, PUCK's representative in Paris, found a French Capital very different from that to which the American Tourist paid tribute, and in his sketches herewith, both picture and text, he presents that Paris to the reader—a Paris sober but not gloomy)

SCENE I

The Courtyard of the Prefecture de Police

(Gray motor lorries and ambulances here and there. Some hundred horses are being groomed by soldiers in white overalls and red *képis*. Two Americans of the type which is at present taking the place of the Tourist-American enter by the door nearest the *Métro* station of *la Cité*. Charlie Harrison, stout and toothbrush mustached, dealer in leather goods, in Paris because business is good, and his friend Cal Hopkins, stout and toothbrush mustached, dealer in artificial limbs, in Paris because business is good, are searching the office which issues *permis de séjour*.)



CHARLIE HARRISON: Gee! where do you go from here? Some system, eh, Cal?

CAL HOPKINS: Got me. You know how to talk French, Charlie. Ast the cop.

CHARLIE HARRISON: You're kiddin' me, Cal. (Approaches the *sergent de ville* stationed at the door, twists his face into an expression of utter agony and begins.) Oo—oo ay—?

THE SERGENT DE VILLE: (Salutes and points mutely toward a stairway at the left marked *Passeports Etrangers*.)

CHARLIE HARRISON: Mercy! (Moves off in the direction of the stairway with his friend.) They ought to have somebody here that knows how to talk Amurican. Whattud anybody do in here if he didn't know how to talk French, anyway? Some system, these French!

SCENE II

The Cafe du Dome in the Quartier Montparnasse

(Gabrielle, a member of the type, almost race, that inhabits the *rive gauche* of the Seine and is found nowhere else in the world, is sipping an *Amer Picon* in company with an old, white-imperial gentleman who wears the ribbon of an order in his buttonhole.)

GABRIELLE: I made a little voyage to-day. I went to Notre Dame.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN: To Notre Dame! And what did you do at Notre Dame?

GABRIELLE: I prayed, prayed hard all afternoon surrounded by that wonderful gray-violet light. There were some soldiers there, too. One knows what *they* are praying for, eh?

THE OLD GENTLEMAN: But, you—what were you praying for? The victory of our brave soldiers? The—

GABRIELLE: O, no! no! no! I was praying for a lover with lots and lots of money!



SCENE III

The Exterior of a Cinema on the Boulevard Raspail

(A huge placard over the door reads:

"CHARLOT SE PROMENE.

"Interpreted by the celebrated American Actor, Charles Chaplin."
Two Zouaves, white and frightened, stagger into the street.)

THE FIRST ZOUAVE: Pierre! Pierre! We have not been fighting in the trenches! A bayonette charge, a ground-mine explosion, asphyxiating gas, a rainstorm of heavy shells! What are they? Nothing, Pierre, nothing but the manner in which these Americans make themselves laugh! O what allies they would make!

SCENE IV

The Jardin des Tuileries

(A dozen convalescent soldiers, each with his own particular type of bandage and all under the motherly care of a pretty, black-eyed French woman in the Red Cross white, are seated in a group seemingly enjoying themselves immensely. The funny little woman who collects ten centimes for the chairs for the first time in her life fails to swoop down upon the occupant of one of her chairs.)

A YOUNG DRAGOON (sings in a clear Latin voice):

Les voyez-vous, les hussards, les dragons, la Garde?
Glorieux foux d'Austerlitz que l'Aigle regarde
Ceux de Kléber, de Marceau chantant la victoire,
Géants de fer s'en vont chevaucher la Gloire.

A SOLDIER: What do I care for the *Boches*? Pah! Sixteen of them I ran through with Rosalie (the bayonette). Sixteen! O how they scrambled and yelled! "Kamarad!" they'd scream, "spare me! I've five children!" It's always "five children," never four or six. One would think they would change the number just to —

THE NURSE (addressing a huge Senegalese who had started to wander about the gardens): Ah! Ah! Ah! Come back here this minute, Bogha! You must *not* run away like that!

AN OUTSIDER (talking with a young, blond soldier who has lost his right leg and wears a great bandage over one eye and about his head, leaving his *képi* perched at an almost laughable angle): But you are not French, monsieur, your accent is English.

THE SOLDIER: American. I'm with the Foreign Legion.

THE OUTSIDER: You must love France to fight for her so bravely.

THE SOLDIER (smiling wistfully under the bandage): Oh, I don't know. I think I just joined for fun!



SCENE V

The Dining Room of a Pension in the Rue Pergolese

(Madame the proprietor, her daughter and two attachés from the American Embassy are at *déjeuner*.)

A CRY FROM THE STREET: *Des huitres! Des huitres! Sir sous la douzaine! Si je ne les vends pas, je les promène!*

AN ATTACHÉ: What did he say?

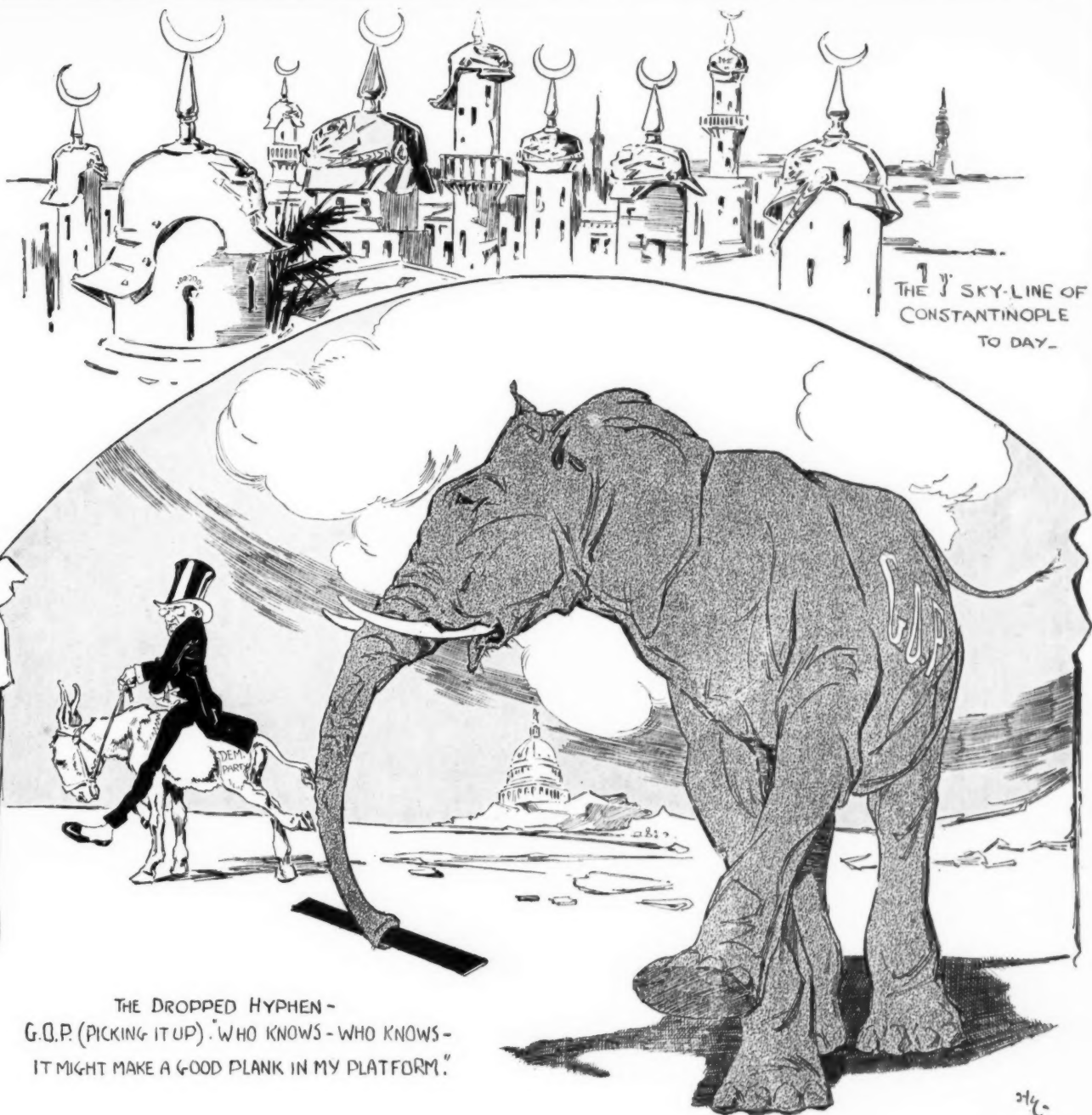
MADAME: He said— (She is cut short by the rattle of the tin pans, swords, guns and hob-nailed boots of a company of soldiers marching under the windows in the direction of the Porte Maillot.) Ah, it is the sixth time to-day! Without doubt another great offensive is about to take place!

THE DAUGHTER (addressing the attachés): Poor boys!

AN ATTACHÉ: And is your son going with them, madame?

MADAME: But, no, *monsieur*! My son is an aviator, a guardian of Paris. Thank heaven, he is
(Continued on page 21)





THE SKY-LINE OF
CONSTANTINOPLE
TO DAY.

THE DROPPED HYPHEN -
G.O.P. (PICKING IT UP). WHO KNOWS - WHO KNOWS -
IT MIGHT MAKE A GOOD PLANK IN MY PLATFORM."



"ALSO RAN."



STARVING OUT GERMANY

By Hy Mayer

HYMAYEROGLYPHICS



Painted by Will Owen, of London

A MATTER OF FEELING

INDIGNANT PEDDLER: Here, missus, give over pinchin' them bananas—if yer must pinch something, pinch the cocoanuts

How to Become a Highbrow

Look always as though you were really bored but trying hard to conceal it. Do this especially when you are really vastly entertained.

Wear a carved jade ring.

Profess admiration for Alfred Steiglitz' Little Galleries and other artistic fakes.

Talk of how much your dentist charges.

Dismiss a pleasing, soul-satisfying painting with, "Oh, that's just sweetish sentimental stuff." Ditto music, ditto poetry — and look bored.

Mention casually that the east end of the Panama Canal is west of the west end.

Look bored when you talk to men

and interested when women talk to you.

Boast that you voted for Taft.

Scoff at all religion — especially the church to which your parents belong.

Work as little as possible, living on the labor of others. Think less. Look bored.

Don't read Puck, but praise it. Read the *Evening Journal*, but knock it. Look bored.

Our Preparedness Column

(Fearing that our readers may miss some of the able suggestions made for the defence of this great country, we append a list which is more or less up to date. If there are any omissions we shall be obliged for further additions.)

Raise an army of a million men over night.

Buy a siege gun for the Atlantic coast.

Build the largest navy the world has ever seen, and then a few more dozen dreadnoughts to make sure.

Reduce our present navy to about half its present size in order not to convey the impression that we are trying to incite someone else to fight.

Spend four years in making an army of four hundred thousand trained regulars. Spend four months in making an army of four hundred thousand high school graduates.

Subsidize about eighteen billions worth of munition factories all over the country, so that, if the time ever comes, we can obtain in a few days all the munitions we may or may not need.

If any nation shows any desire to invade us, wait until the time comes, and then engage a competent corps of Christian Scientists to treat them with love thoughts.

Do exactly as { Mr. Bryan
Mr. Roosevelt tell us.

By systems of irrigation, land now idle in the United States can be made to support 50,000,000 persons.

—The Secretary of the Interior.

Half again the population of the United States. If food-speculators are wise, they will anticipate the day and begin at once the erection of the necessary cold-storage plants. Organizing and maintaining artificial food shortages might be difficult with all that extra land in use.



Drawn by Ralph Barton

NO EXCUSE WHATEVER

NEW YORK MAN: Are you going to be at home this evening?
NEW YORK GIRL: Why should I? I feel perfectly well

The Financial District is filled with German spies.—A prominent banker.

The Ticker has been cautioned to talk only in whispers.

Organized baseball might at least have offered the Federal League "a place in the sun." That territory is open.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE — V



"I'll surprise Mr. Robin"

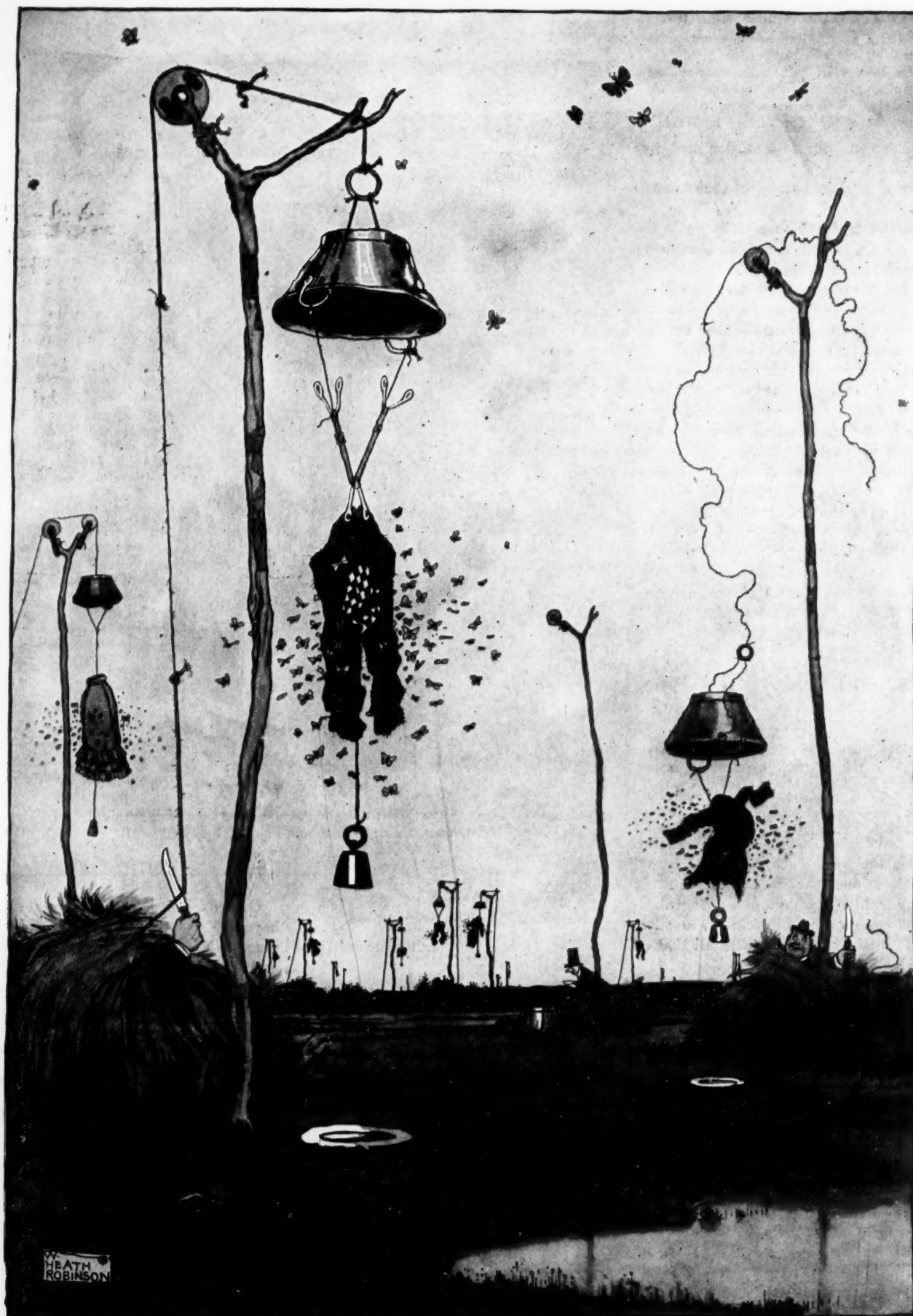


"I'll clean the snow off his front yard"



"After all that work, nobody home"

LOUIS JANE



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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TRAPPING THE CLOTHES-MOTH IN THE VALES OF IDAHO

The trap is baited with discarded raiment. Moths having gathered in sufficient quantity, the trapper from his concealment cuts the cord, causing weight to drop through hole in ground. Moths follow, and descending dish-pan keeps them prisoners

Puck

THE PUPPET SHOP

By
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

OPENING NIGHT — The night before the play is ready to open.

DRAMA LEAGUE — An organization formed for the purpose of obtaining newspaper publicity for near-society ladies through good plays.

MANAGER — One who manages to do things wrongly.

APPLAUSE — A tribute to the talent of the theatrical manager who first thought up the idea of getting the ushers to start it.

"He who can, does; he who can't, criticizes." Which, in deep chagrin, I freely offer as damning evidence against myself. Though I can't do a clog, I yet criticize vaudeville.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM — The theory that one is more interested in the devices with which a woman makes herself beautiful — cold creams, mascara, false hair, eyebrow pencils, lip rouge, face powder, dental floss, whalebone, curl papers, et cetera — than in the beautiful woman herself.

INGENUUE — Anything over thirty-five that is not ingenuous.

THEATRE ORCHESTRA — A half dozen German and Italian members of an Irish union possessed of tuxedos and the ability to misplay Dvorák's "Humoresque."

The critic who believes that such a thing as a repertory company is artistically possible believes that a dozen modern actors, assembled in one group, are sufficiently talented and skilled to interpret satisfactorily a dozen plays. The critic who does not believe that such a thing as a repertory company is artistically possible knows that a dozen modern actors, assembled in one group, are insufficiently talented and skilled to interpret satisfactorily even one play.

How to See a Play

Third Lesson

1. Pick out the best play in town.
2. Go to the theatre where it is being acted.
3. When you arrive in the lobby, buy the printed edition of the play from the attendant.
4. Turn around.
5. Hail a taxi — quickly.
6. Go home.
7. Read it.

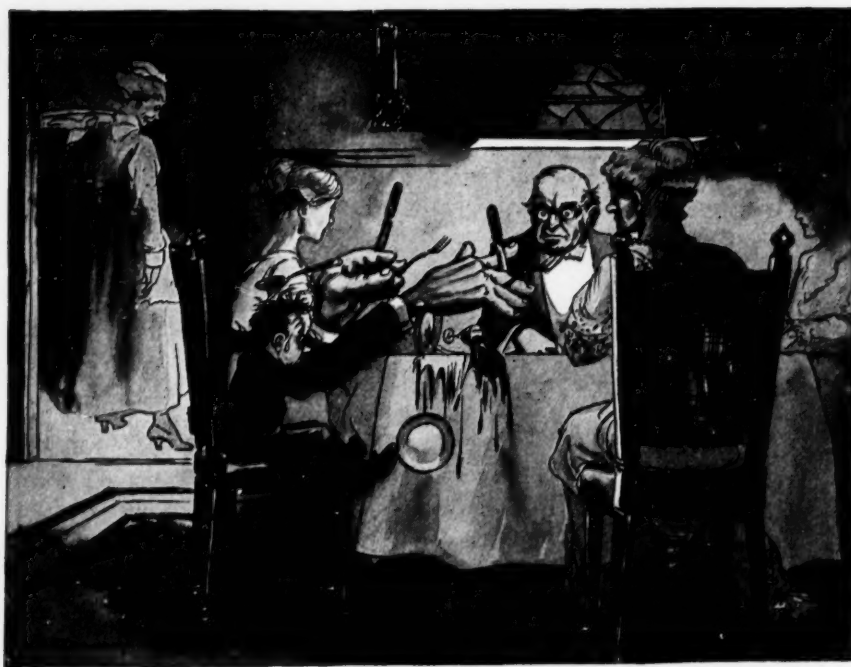
A French Vest Pocket Dictionary

Containing such words and phrases, together with their pronunciation and meaning, as are necessary to the proper and complete understanding of the American society play in which they are generally employed

WORD OR PHRASE	PRONUNCIATION	MEANING
beau idéal	bue idol	To smoke a cigarette in a long holder
au fait	aw fête	To wear an artificial gardenia on the lapel of one's evening coat
comme il faut	comma ill faugh	Literally: "as it should be." To appear in the drawing-room in white tennis flannels
billet doux	Billie Deuce	Anything written on lavender stationery
bon soir	bun sour	Greetings!
valet	valley	A comedy-relief Jap
ennui	en-wee	To glance nonchalantly through <i>Town Topics</i> , yawn and throw it back on the table
égalité	egg-all-light	Literally: "equality." A servant who, learning that his master is in financial straits, offers him, with tears in his eyes, his own meagre savings
double entente	dub'l on-tunder	Any remark about a bed
distingué	dis-tang-way	A gentleman with a goatee
Céléste*	Seal-lest	A friend of a friend of the producer's
coup d'état	coop de tate	Sneaking the heroine unobserved out of the bachelor apartment by letting her wear the housekeeper's cloak
gendarme	John Domm	An English actor in a New York traffic policeman's uniform
entrée	entry	A papier-maché duck
faux pas	for Pa	To wear the handkerchief in the pocket
petite	potate	Designation of the one hundred and seventy-two pound ingenue
qui vive	key weave	To step quickly on tiptoe to the door and listen, before going on with the conversation
sang froid	sang freud	Leisurely to extract a cigarette from a gold cigarette-case and light it
garçon	gar-sun	A bad actor who imitates Figman's performance in "Divorcees."
en déshabillé	N. de Shabell	Literally: "in undress." That is, dressed up in a couple of thousand dollars' worth of lingerie
mésalliance	mess alliance	Any girl whom the son of the family desires, in the first act, to marry
en règle	in riggle	A butler who waits until the visitor has entered the drawing-room before taking his hat and stick
à la mode	allah mode	Tea at two o'clock in the afternoon

Compared with the regulation-size Broadway theatres, the little theatres possess at least one inestimable advantage.

In a little theatre one runs only 208 chances of sitting next to a woman who fans herself with the program!



Drawn by G. B. Inwood

When You Dine With Her Family for the First Time

After the Holidays

MRS. BUFFER: That's a nice shoe-bag of yours. I had a present of one like it.

MRS. MUFFER: Shoe-bag? That's a photograph case! Mrs. Greely, who gave it to me, told me so.

MRS. BUFFER: Horrors! And I thanked Mrs. Greely for a shoe-bag! I've a mantel drapery like yours, too.

MRS. MUFFER: Is that a mantel drapery?

MRS. BUFFER: Certainly; Mrs. Spriggs, who gave me mine, told me so.

MRS. MUFFER: And I thanked Mrs. Spriggs for some petticoat trimming!

BOTH (in tears): Well, home-made presents ought always to be labeled, anyhow.



UNFAIR

TEACHER: Johnny, if four men are working eleven hours a day —

JOHNNY: Hold on, ma'am. Nix on them non-union problems, please

Reversible Weather for Yellow Journalists

It was a day of torture in the tenements.

After a night of fearful (heat — cold) day dawned with no sign of relief. During the early morning the thermometer (rose — sank) rapidly, seemingly anxious to make a new record.

In the dingy tenements of the East Side little children (panted — shivered) because of the (heat — cold). It is terrible to yearn for one little breath of (hot) air and not get it. "Papa is out of work," lisped a tiny tot on Allen Street. "And we have no money to buy (ice — coal). I cried all night, and so did little Leopold." There is an appalling death list due to the (heat — cold). All over the city men fell in the streets and the ambulances were busy taking victims of (sunstroke — frost-bite) to the various hospitals. "This is the worst spell of (hot — cold) weather we have had in twenty years," said the Local Forecaster, "and there is no relief in sight. I do not believe the (hot — cold) wave will be broken before Saturday. There is an area of (falling — rising) temperature in the (north — south) which may relieve things."

Philanthropic societies declare they never have been so busy. Long lines of women with pails formed in front of the Charity Organization Building before dawn. They were waiting for the distribution of free (ice — coal), but before ten o'clock the supply was exhausted.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Ruck

FOWNES GLOVES

A Fownes sign on the counter of the retailer is a good sign that the gentleman behind the counter wants your "return" trade.

The glove dealer who has confidence in Fownes gloves knows from experience that Fownes gloves do not disappoint.

Your confidence is merited by that kind of a dealer.



After a Stormy Day Outdoors—

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

AFTER a discomforting, rainy, windy day outdoors, how pleasant it is to reach home and take a bracer of Old Overholt Rye. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond, this distinctive pure Pennsylvania Rye embodies strengthening and toning qualities that help to ward off colds and La Grippe.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



400 Rooms

400 Baths

HOTEL ADELPHIA

CHESTNUT AT 15TH STREET
Next to Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For all purposes the most conveniently located hotel

MODERATE TARIFF

DAVID B. PROVAN

Mgr. Director

Stop! Look! Grin!

What Are the Seven Funny Wonders?

The editors of a humorous paper ought to know what is funny, but they can't always think of the funniest things. Let's find out from Puck readers just what are the Seven Funny Wonders of the United States. Why we limit them to seven we don't know, but we have a hunch that there are just seven, no more, no less.

Below are a few lists compiled by Puck's staff, which you, doubtless, can improve upon, either wholly or in part. Send in your list and let's all enjoy a quiet chuckle. If it's funny we will print it.

Puck's List

1. Southern "chivalry."
2. "Diamond Jim" Brady.
3. Women who think women haven't enough brains to vote.
4. Pittsburg "society."
5. Doc Nickie Butler preaching sincerity of purpose and integrity of action.
6. The New York Street Cleaning Department.
7. Newspaper neutrality.

THE EDITOR'S LIST

1. Last week's Puck.
2. This week's Puck.
3. Next week's Puck.
4. The week-after-next-week's Puck.
5. The Puck for the week after that.
6. And that.
7. And that.

THE OFFICE BOY'S LIST

1. The editor's beard.
2. Mutt and Jeff.
3. Joe Miller's joke book.
4. Charlie Chaplin.
5. The Advertising Manager.
6. The Boss' neckwear.
7. Puck (put down through a sense of duty and diplomacy.—ED. NOTE).

THE ASSISTANT EDITOR'S LIST

1. Henry Ford.
2. Henry's Peace Ship.
3. Getting "the boys out of the trenches by Xmas."
4. Henry's crew.
5. We might say the car that Henry makes, but we refrain.
6. Henry telling about his plan for stopping the war.
7. And once again—Henry himself.

A list from the Business Staff, who believe in conserving time, space, and especially energy.

1. Eddie Foy.
- 2-7 (inclusive). The Six Little Foyes.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
Smaragdis
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Winter Cruises

Nassau—Bahamas

A PARADISE of beautiful flowers and vegetation, where the average Winter temperature is only 72°; charming social life; boating, golf, tennis, polo, motoring and ideal surf bathing; Seat of the English Colonial Government in the Bahamas.

Havana—Cuba

Interesting and restful because of the fascinating charms of tropical life and climate. Excellent hotels. Direct service from New York each Thursday at noon and each Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Luxurious twin screw steamers, 10,000 tons displacement, broad decks, spacious social halls, excellent cuisine.

Special two weeks' cruise, enabling you to visit both these delightful places.

Also trips to Porto Rico, Mexico, Florida, Texas and other resorts of

AGWI THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN

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The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10)

Robert Louis Stevenson what he didn't succeed in doing himself—writing a viable stage play. It's pocket melodrama, this acting version of a boy's pirate tale, and it is very enjoyable as shown on the boards of the Punch and Judy Theatre.

A California Carmen In private life Geraldine Farrar is far better looking than in opera. Why, I can't say. Her Carmen is a bag of bones aflame with lust and cruelty. But vital if not beautifully vocal. In the movies she is a dancing nightmare of her charming self and with the horrible suggestion of an animated dead person that is characteristic of all film pictures. (Have you never noticed the black mouths of the shuddering ghosts that traverse the screen?) In this photoplay Miss Farrar is a caricature of a termagant. She mauls the cigarette girls. She races up and down staircases. She leers. She sneers. Altogether as much like the Carmen of Mérimée or Bizet as a cat is like a tiger. Theda Bara, who was at the Academy of Music, while not to be mentioned in the same paragraph with Geraldine Farrar, artistically speaking, is, nevertheless, more lifelike as the wild puss of old Seville. She has the movie technique, Miss Farrar hasn't it—I'm happy to say. That California bullfight in the Farrar picture is truly comic. It must have been a cow that posed, and, at intervals, pawed the dust. If you have ever seen a real bull-killing tournament in Spain, this manufactured one will seem as absurd as the simulacrum of Geraldine Farrar.

Photo-Play Art Vachel Lindsay has written a book called "The Art of the Moving Picture." Now, moving pictures are ingenious as mechanism; art they are not and never will be. Why not write a book about the Art of Chewing Gum? For gum-chewing and the movies are the apex of our esthetic culture just now. Oh! these hot gossellers of beauty.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

"Percy Lightpop is greatly worried over his feet. He's afraid they're not mates!"

"What's wrong?"

"Why, he says they never go to sleep together!"

The pleasure of living lies in using good things moderately.

It is thus with eating, with drinking, with playing, with working, with everything.

And it is for the man who knows well the benefits of moderation that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey and put it in Non-Refillable Bottles—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

James Huneker
Reviews the New
Plays
in
"The Seven Arts"

Where Shall I Go
Tonight?

A Directory of New York's
Leading Theatrical Offerings



George Jean
Nathan
Discusses Matters
Theatrical
in
"The Puppet Shop"

ASTOR BROADWAY & 45th STREET
Evenings 8.20

Matinees Wednesday (Pop.) and Saturday at 2.20

Geo. M. Cohan's Great American Farce

Hit-the-Trail-Holiday

with Fred Niblo as "Billy Holliday"

NEW AMSTERDAM W. 42nd St.
Ev. 8.15

Phone 3098 Bryant: Evs: 8.15. Matinees Wednesday and Sat. 2.15

KLAW & FRLANGER PRESENT

AROUND THE MAP

Book by C. M. S. McLellan. Music Herman Finck
Seats Selling 8 Weeks in Advance

ELTINGE West 42nd Street Evs at 8:15
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:15

SELWYN & CO. PRESENT

FAIR AND WARMER

A farce for laugh lovers by AVERY HOPWOOD

LONGACRE THEATRE, West 48th Street
Evenings at 8.20

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2.20

COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

LEO DITRICHSTEIN

IN HIS COMEDY SUCCESS

THE GREAT LOVER

48th ST. THEATRE 48th St. East
of Broadway

Evenings 8:15 Matinee Thursdays and Saturdays 2:15

SELWYN & CO. PRESENTS

The Eternal Magdalene

with JULIA ARTHUR

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A PAIR OF MILITARY BRUSHES

Paris Just Now

not in the trenches! Have you not heard him when he flies low over the house to say *bon jour* to his *maman* every day? (As she speaks, the sound of an aeroplane, evidently flying quite low, is heard outside.)

(A lapse of seven hours. The same people are at dinner in the same room. There is a ring at the door. A young man, slight of build and dressed in the war-time blue-gray uniform, enters. That he is an aviator is shown by the red winged-wheel on his arm and by the short, black leather overcoat that he wears.)

THE YOUNG MAN: *Maman! Pipou!* (He embraces boisterously his mother and sister.)

MADAME: But, *mon fils*, it is but two weeks ago that you were home on leave. Is it that you are a general, now, and can come when you please?

THE YOUNG MAN: *Hélas*, no, *maman*. They've allowed me only time to say good-by to you. I'm going voyaging at the expense of France and must be at the station within an hour.

MADAME (pales slightly but tries to appear unaffected): Where, then, is my child going? To New York with *Messieurs*? To Spain for the winter?

THE YOUNG MAN: To—to Servia, *maman*. The order came to-day.

MADAME: *Mon Dieu!* I feared it! (She folds her son in her arms as if he were a little boy and the room is in silence for many minutes.)

A CRY FROM THE STREET (breaks the silence with the melancholy, long-drawn-out tune of the old-clothes merchants of Paris): *Mar — chand, d'ha — bits!*



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—New York World.
DOWN MIT WILSON!

"Anything to Beat Wilson"

The Wall Street grievance against President Wilson is like the pro-German grievance, and there is about as much patriotism in one as in the other.

Neither of these elements has been able to use the President or control his Administration. Therefore both are prepared to exert all their power to defeat his re-election.

The pro-Germans would have been satisfied with Mr. Wilson if he had warped international law sufficiently to violate neutrality in the interests of the Kaiser. Like the pro-Germans, the big business interests can point to no instance in which the Administration has sought to persecute them or intimidate them. They have had justice, but justice is not what they want. They demand privilege, and privilege is what they have been unable to get.

The great financial and industrial interests represented at the "anything-to-beat-Wilson" dinner that Judge Gary gave to Col. Roosevelt are more than prosperous. They were never before able to face the future with so much confidence in the financial and economic stability of the United States; but that is not enough. A widely distributed prosperity is not their notion of prosperity. They want it all. No matter how much money they have, they cannot be happy while somebody else has money that they cannot get away from him. And so they are clamorous for a return to Hannanism, in which Wall Street was the Government of the United States.

A combination of Wall Street, the German vote, Theodore Roosevelt and the Republican machine may be able to control the national election of 1916, but we doubt it. Our own belief is that there is still a great deal of disinterested patriotism in the United States and that the idealism of the fathers has not yet been wholly submerged in hyphens or in dollars.—New York World.

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2
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JOYS OF AUTO OWNERSHIP

HIS WIFE (in a fur coat): I wish you'd hurry, Jim. I'm nearly frozen. It's all right for you, standing over that nice warm radiator for half an hour

The Art of Advertising

The ashman drops the emptied ash-can to the sidewalk with a bang, seizes the reins, and drives away to the next, leaving this battered old can rocking and clattering, as it settles down to a final state of rest.

Is its daily duty performed? Perish the thought! Strange though it may seem, an old ashcan possesses a potential utility which is quickly developed.

Around the corner creeps a man bearing a pail, a bundle, and a big brush. A few deft strokes, a hurried retreat, and lo, the still gyrating ashcan has become the bearer of a blatant message, in shrieking color scheme, and six-inch type—"THE DOLLY GIRLS BURLESQUE," or some other equally interesting information.

This happens not alone to the lonely ashcan. Let the city place a large cable-spool in the street, and before it has ceased rolling it bears a poster, standing months, yea even years, waiting for the city to commence work; for the delectation of the unfortunate passerby.

While a tenant is moving out of his store, posters are placed on the soon-to-be-vacant windows. Poles, fences, walls; in fact, every available bit of the universe not lost in obscurity, is converted into a frame for these choice bits of art and literature.

Some fine day, a fat gentleman will stoop over to tie his shoelace, when one of these nearsighted, wandering artists will mistake the seat of his trousers for the side of a hoghead, and will act accordingly. We tremble to think of this artist's fate.

However, this last is only prophecy, but the former is fact, plain, painful fact.

This is what's called "The Art of Advertising," and we ask you, how do you care for it?

We agree with you; neither do we, but we can't possibly print that sort of language.

N. A. H.



"Do you love a beautiful woman?"

Are You in Love?

WHAT a silly question! Of course you are. Everybody is. With men it's a fad. With women it's a regular life job. Falling in love is the oldest of the recognized indoor sports. How old is it? Well, a wise old Buddhist, who sat all day with his legs and fingers crossed—said that it was older than the hills—older than man. He said that the big lizards used to feel it—also the sponges and the little invertebrate worms.

And the greatest love of all—greatest because the most frequent, the most obstinate, and most ineradicable—is the love of **SELF**. This is a truly wonderful love, because it never wavers, never changes, never dies. And then, look how cheap it is! If you happen to love a beautiful lady, it immediately runs into theatre tickets, taxis, bonbons, suppers, night-letters, gardenias. But if you love no one but yourself you are saving money, every day—every hour.

Whom Do You Love?

RATHER a hard question to answer, that. Hard because folks love so many different kinds of people and things. But most people (no matter how mean and selfish and nasty they are) love some one. Some men love a blonde and blushing debutante with long curly locks. Some women love a brunette artist, writer, or musician, with a pale, porcelain brow and a black, tawny mane. Some folks—nearly all of us in fact—love a smiling old lady, with white hair, a wrinkled forehead and a pair of funny gold spectacles. Some love a wild boy at college; some love a dark little girl at boarding school—while some misguided people spend all the wealth and bounty of their love on a mere motor-car, a stuffy club, a picture gallery, an inbred dog, a gloomy library, or a silly bag of golf clubs.



"A little dark girl at school"

A Potion for Love

THE sordid part of love lies in the way that folks try to bribe it. They know that men and women are human—that their love can be bought—or commanded—with gifts. Now here is the greatest wonder of all—a thing more miraculous than love itself. It is that there is one thing that will pry love out of anybody. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It never fails its wonders to perform. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown up married men. It works with debutantes, artists, writers, old ladies (with those gold spectacles, through which there gleams that saintly look so peculiar to mothers) motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric club-men, futurist picture buyers, and even with the most hopeless golf perverts. But (and here is another miracle), it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves. Indeed, it teaches them to love new Gods, to be untrue to themselves: to love Gods that are really worth loving.



"It works well with young girls"

Are You a Lover?

IF you are, and if you aren't ashamed of it, why don't you get into step with this spirit; remove two of your favorite dollars from your little roll, and give the object of your affections (even if it's yourself) this modern love-potion? Send along those two miserable dollars of yours to 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, and secure Vanity Fair for her, or for him—or for your selfish self—for the rest of 1916.

P. S.—For the few benighted souls who may still be lingering in outer darkness, let us say:

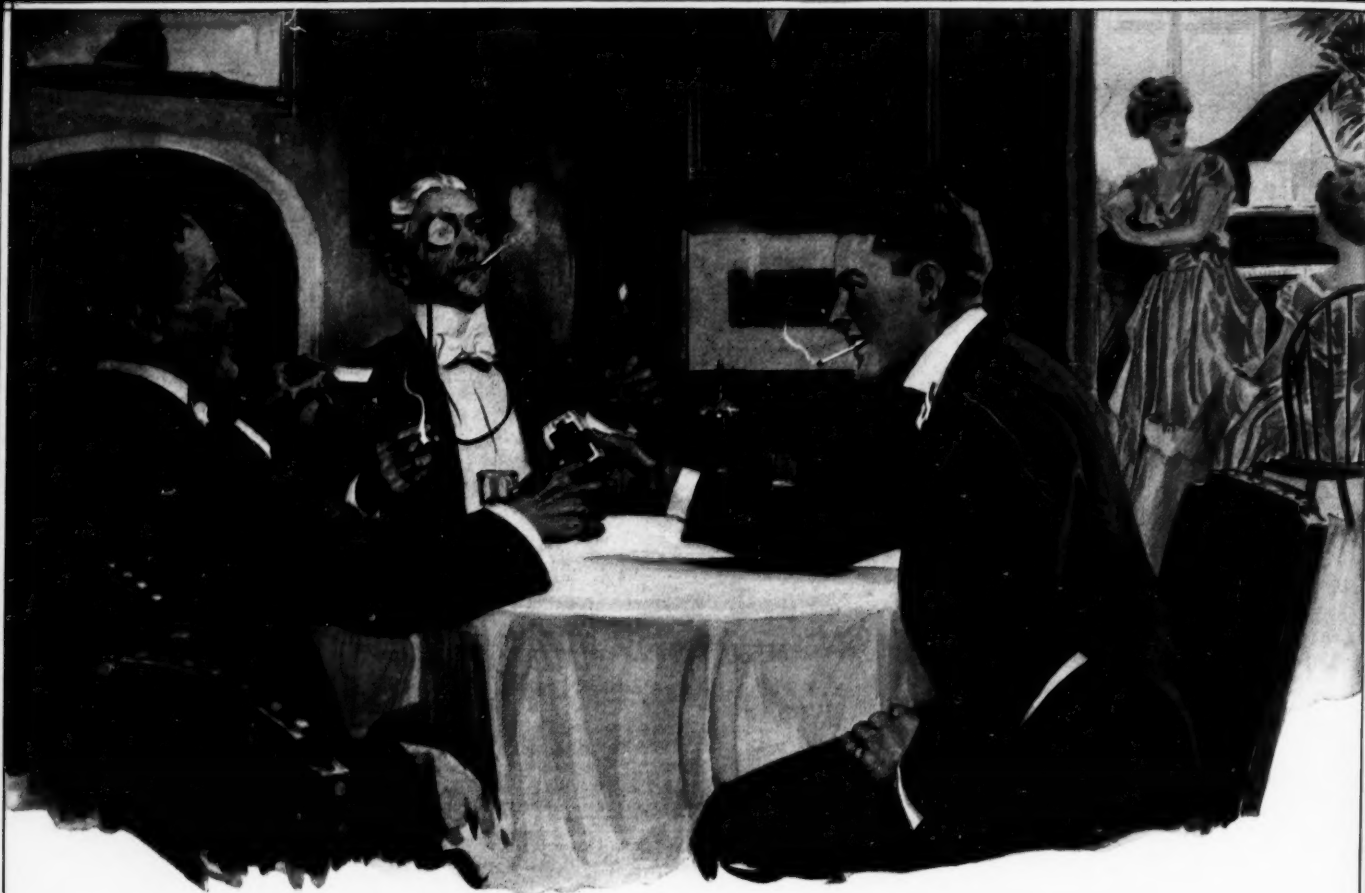
Vanity Fair is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theater, sports, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as The Sketch, The Tatler and La Vie Parisienne, with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

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The "Clubby" Smoke—"Bull" Durham

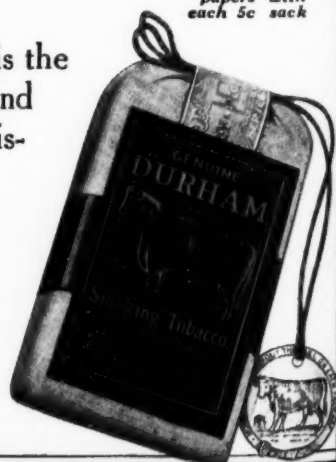
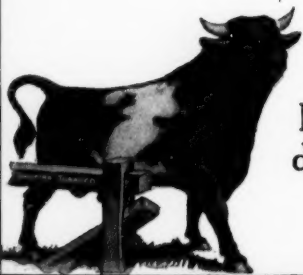
You start something lively when you produce "Bull" Durham in a crowd of live-wires and start "rolling your own". That fresh mellow-sweet fragrance of "Bull" makes everyone reach for "the makings". A hand-rolled "Bull" Durham cigarette brims over with zest and snap and the sparkle of sprightly spirits.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

Made of rich, ripe Virginia-North Carolina leaf, "Bull" Durham is the mildest, most enjoyable tobacco in the world. Its unique aroma and pleasing flavor give you wholesome, lasting satisfaction.

No other cigarette can be so full of life and youthful vigor as a fresh-rolled cigarette of "Bull" Durham. "Roll your own" with "Bull" and you'll discover a new joy in smoking.

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